

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope, of what 'tis to come in;
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to flie vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had bin here:

The qualitie and haire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyaltye, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke; how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the oſſing ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs.
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall or eturne it, topſie turuy downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir R^e. Vernon.

Hot. My cooleſen Vernon, wel
Ver. Pray God my newes be w
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeu
Is marching hitherwards, with Pr

Hot. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further I haue learnd
The King himſelfe in perſon is fe
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedil
With ſtrong and mighty prepara

Hot. He ſhal be welcome too: w
The nimble footed madcap, Prin
And his Cumrades, that daſt the
And bid it paſſe?

Ver. All furniſht, all in Armes
All plumde like Eſtridges, that w
Baited like Eagles hauing lately
Glittering in golden coats like
As full of ſpirit as the month of M
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Mi
Wanton as youthfull goates, wil
I ſaw young Harry with his beuer
His cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly
Riſe from the ground like feather
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into
As if an Angel dropt downe fro
To turne and wind a fiery Pegafu
And witch the world with noble

Hot. No more, no more, worſe
This praife doth nourish agues,
They come like ſacrifices in their
And to the fire-cyd maid of ſino
All hot and bleeding will we offe
The mailed Mars ſhall on his al
Vp to the eares in blood, I am o
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo n
And yet not ours: Come, let me
Who is to beare me like a thund
Againſt the boſome of the Princ